A trip to America

A TRIP TO AMERICA: A LECTURE, DELIVERED BY ARCHIBALD W. FINLAYSON, JOHNSTONE, NEAR GLASGOW, IN THE PUBLIC HALL OF THE JOHNSTONE WORKING MEN'S INSTITUTE, 18TH MARCH, 1870.

DR. MCLAREN, CHAIRMAN.

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A TRIP TO AMERICA. 1878.

By the development of railway and steamboat communication the World is, in a sense, becoming smaller, or rather being brought nearer home, or knit by closer ties, and by the aid of the telegraph the press every morning lays before us the incidents that have happened in the uttermost parts of the earth on the previous day. As time rolls on, it therefore becomes more difficult for one to find a country about which to relate things which we have not already heard.

It is not a “Dark Continent” I am about to describe, but a great commercial one with which we have daily intercourse. I have no startling discoveries to unfold, nor daring adventures among red Indians and buffaloes to relate; I am not going to bore you with history and statistics which you can easily read for yourselves, nor am I going to attempt to discuss the questions that are racking the heads of statesmen, but I am merely going to tell you the plain and simple story of what I *personally* observed in the leading cities of the United States.

My tour was short, and being almost constantly B 6 occupied with business, my sketch is necessarily rough; but as you hear so many cock-and-bull stories about the States, I thought it might interest you to hear a few facts from one of yourselves.

It is somewhat exciting to think of crossing the Atlantic for the first time, one of the stormiest and most treacherous of oceans—an ocean on which so many fair ships have set sail and never more been heard of; and as our friends gave the farewell cheer when the “Scythia” steamed slowly and majestically down the Mersey, and as our native hills gradually receded from view, we men became pensive, and women gave vent to tears, but by a wise foresight, the steward soon rung the bell, received us with a beaming smile, put a dinner before us that would do credit to a Lord Mayor, and the cares of the world and the dangers of the sea soon vanished.

We lay in the lovely harbour of Queenstown for several hours waiting on the mails, which at last arrived about four o'clock. I should think about a hundred large bales of letters were put on board. It would be a subject for a novel itself the “Secrets of the Mail Bag.” Even in our own little town are there not many tender little hearts always on the look-out for the postman's knock?

As we sailed out of Queenstown harbour we sat down to our second dinner. The sea was a chopping one; the boat began to roll, many began to look blue, and I felt not altogether perfectly comfortable. A German gentleman next me said—“Allow me, Mr. Finlaisong, to draw your attention to the poor attendance at table to day.” This was too much for me, so I made a most 7 unceremonious dash from my seat, rushed to my cabin, and circumstances over which I had no control detained me there for nearly two days, during which my only amusement was watching my hat box dancing a waltz with my portmanteau to a rattling accompaniment played by the ewer on the basin. On appearing again on the scene I found that many of my companions had been similarly imprisoned, and some were not yet relieved from bondage.

We were now in mid-ocean beyond the reach of care and worry, no telegrams to annoy you here, no daily papers to read, no bank failures to disturb your repose; but here you are, *in* the world yet *out* of it, scudding before the wind under a clear sky, nothing to do but roll about the deck, eat and sleep.

It is always pleasant to travel, you form many new friendships and gain much information, and as I said to one of the passengers, “really although we never met before, I have seen more of you than I have seen of my most intimate friends on land, many of whom I meet only for a few hours once or twice a year, but here we are together for ten days.”

One of the first whom I spoke to was Mr. Elder, the first officer, a fine-looking man of most genial disposition, and a great favourite with the passengers. In course of conversation, on finding that I came from Johnstone, he told me that he was related to a certain gentleman there. We were at once great friends, and had many a pleasant talk together. Mr. Watson, the first engineer, told me he came from Paisley, and knew all this neighbourhood well. These incidents made me feel at home at once.

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It would be idle for me to describe all that went on at table—how the German on my right took especial delight in making salads of hard potatoes, one of which succeeded in nearly choking the old gentleman opposite—how the Englishman on my left insisted on laying off stories without point, and then gave vent to suppressed chuckles at his own jokes—how the Frenchman in front gesticulated, or how the laudy-daudy Londoner who had just got married to a rich and spirited young widow was completely under her thumb. Suffice it to say, that we had altogether a very varied, pleasant, and jovial party at the Captain's table, and we bade “adieu” to each other with great regret.

Life on board ship is very monotonous. The main time-killers are the five meals a-day —breakfast 8 to 9, luncheon 12, dinner 4, tea 7, supper 9–30. It is a mystery to me how the three cooks produced such a variety, and such a number of dishes out of the small

galley on deck. Every kind of soup, fish, and beef that an Alderman could desire, as good puddings and as plump pies as ever a “fat boy” smiled on seem to be here. It may give you some idea of the extent of the culinary and cabin arrangements when I tell you that there are fifty-six stewards on board.

For several days the weather was tolerably settled, and I was glad when the wind got up, as I was anxious to see the waves of the Atlantic. No sooner were they *up* , however, than I wished them *down* again.

Writers, painters, and poets in all ages have attempted to describe the sea. All give but a faint idea of the vastness and Almighty power of the ocean. Their pictures want the life, and ceaseless indescribable 9 throbbing and battling of the untamed billows. “There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet.”

Nothing has ever impressed me so much as the power and size of the waves. When I went on board this great ship, 420 feet long, it seemed as if no power on earth could move it; but here it is being tossed about like a mere cockle-shell, lying at one time on the side of a wave, then heeling over and down into the trough, spray dashing over in all directions, seas flowing over the bows, sailors rushing about, pulling ropes, and changing sails at every whiff of wind, all directed by the boatswain's whistle, for the voice of man cannot be heard above the storm.

One day on going on deck after dinner, I found an old lady and a small boy its sole occupants; both were sitting on the lee side of the deck-house with ropes tied round them, to prevent them slipping when the boat rolled. Plates of dinner had just been handed to them. Suddenly the boat gave a terrific lurch, heeled over completely on its side struck by two waves in succession. The dinner plates flew from them, the rope slipped round the old lady's neck, she gave a few spasmodic twitches as if her end had come, I caught hold of a rope and held her up, a sailor relieved me of my charge; I dashed into the deck-house,

where I found two gentlemen who had been dining rolling about the floor among cushions, broken plates, potatoes, beef, and tumblers. When the ship righted we had a hearty laugh.

The waves in mid-ocean are a bright green color, and the effects of sunshine and shade are most beautiful, sometimes the sea assumes a leaden hue, 10 and again it seems like molten silver. You never tire of looking at the sea, and as you sit on deck and listen to "what the wild waves are saying," you think of little Paul Dombey "gazing into the distant horizon, watching the waves and clouds at twilight with his earnest eyes, and breasting the window of his solitary cage when birds flew by, as if he would have emulated them and soared away."

When off the Banks of Newfoundland the cold was intense for two days, from winds from distant icebergs or the frozen regions. It is always cold here, but the temperature inside of the Banks is milder, when we got into the Gulf Stream. Mr. Elder told me that he has sometimes seen the Gulf Stream bubbling as if boiling, and that it is darker than the sea, and that in the summer he has found the temperature at this part 82° Fahrenheit, or 6 or 7 degrees above the sea around. I however noticed no change in appearance, but the change in weather was very marked—it became quite genial. The log or speed of the vessel, and the temperature of the sea are taken every two hours. The captain and officers take time from the sun with the quadrant every day, and at 12 o'clock bells are rung all over the ship, the clocks are altered, and the latitude, longitude, and miles run are posted up.

On the ninth day all eyes were on the look-out for a pilot boat; at last one was descried, and a number of young men indulged in bets—such as the number of the pilot boat, the colour of the pilot's shirt, what foot he would place first on deck, whether he would have a beard or not, and if so what was its colour. It was somewhat amusing to see the people crowding 11 round the pilot to note these particulars. We were 400 miles from land when the pilot came on board. This shows that great competition exists when men risk their lives in such small craft so far from land.

Before land was visible, about 40 miles from shore, one or two sparrows lit on the rigging; they seemed like little messengers of peace come out to welcome us to their home.

About two o'clock, on Tuesday the 23rd April (the tenth day out), we at last descried land, and at 3–30 we passed the forts guarding the entrance to New York harbour. There we lay to, till boarded by the Doctor and Custom-House officials who came out in a small steamer with a golden eagle in a screaming attitude on the top.

Every passenger is obliged to fill up a paper stating his name and profession, the number and contents of his packages, and sign and swear to its accuracy before the officials. They are especially particular about ladies' luggage, as they expect to make a haul off the purchases which have been made on this side. The following will give you some idea of the questioning that goes on. An American lady was asked—

“How many boxes have you?” “Six.”

“Any new dresses?” “Ah! yes, seven.”

“How much are they worth?” “Well, one is worth 200 dollars, another 300, and so on.”

Now the little creature, proud of her bonnets, seemed for the moment to forget tariff duties altogether; no doubt she pictured to herself the flutter her new head ornaments would create in Trinity Church, Broadway, or Beecher's Chapel, so with evident pride she frankly 12 volunteered the statement that “she had FIVE new bonnets. Two cost 30 dollars, two cost 45 dollars, and one cost 50 dollars.”

“Have you any gloves?” “Oh! yes, six dozen.”

“Any piece goods?” “Oh! yes, I have four pieces, but recollect they are all for myself.”

An old English gentleman was asked, among other questions, “Have you got more than one watch?” With unfaltering firmness he answered “No.” He then blushed like a beetroot.

He had just shown me a valuable new watch he was taking out to a friend, besides his own."

New York Bay is one of the most extensive harbours in the world. As you steam into it, you pass between Staten and Long Islands, with pretty villas dotted along their shores and hillsides; then on passing several forts, the great city is before you. It seems as if floating on the water. It reminded me much of the descriptions of Constantinople, only its great dome is not the mosque of St. Sophia, but the Post Office; its "cloud-capped towers" are the spires of newspaper offices, and its "gorgeous palaces" are hotels and dry goods stores. "Forests of masts," yachts and sail boats, innumerable steamers, and ferry-boats flitting about in all directions at once show what a busy hive it is.

NEW YORK is built on Manhattan Island, which is thirteen and a half miles long, with an average breadth of one and a half miles, forming an area of 22 square miles. It is bounded on the east by East River, and on the west by the river Hudson. The city proper is compactly built for about six miles from Battery Point. Two hundred years ago it had a thousand, 13 now it has one million inhabitants. To the east is Brooklyn with 300,000 inhabitants, and to the west is Jersey City with 85,000. These three virtually constitute one great city. The distance across the Hudson between New York and Jersey City is about one mile and a quarter. At the narrowest part of East River, between New York and Brooklyn, a great suspension bridge, 533 yards span, with towers 268 feet high, has been in course of construction since 1870; some think it will never be completed. This is the greatest suspension bridge ever attempted. The original estimate was £1,400,000, but competent authorities state that it will cost £24,000,000.

The only means of communication with New York is by ferries, twenty-five in number. Boats ply from each every three to five minutes, and go all night at the principal ones every quarter of an hour. These ferry-boats are very large, just shaped like Noah's Ark, painted white, and the cross-beam of the engine works outside. There are rooms for the

passengers on either side, and the centre is for carriages, twenty to thirty of which could, I suppose, cross in one boat.

The old portion of New York is very irregularly built, just like any of our own old cities; but the new part is built in uniform square blocks, twenty to the mile. This is the plan adopted in all American cities. In New York, the streets running north and south are called Avenues —First, Second, Third, to Eleventh Avenue—and the cross streets cutting the Avenues at right angles are named First Street, Second Street, Third Street, up to One Hundred and Twentieth Street. The advantages of this system cannot be C 14 overestimated; a stranger at once knows where to go, and how far he has to go.

For instance, if a stranger arrived at Johnstone Station and asked to be directed to the *best bottomed street* in the town, you would without hesitation tell him to go to *George Street.* * He would require to ask where that was, and you would require to explain to him that George Street was the fifth street on his right hand. Now in America it would be called Fifth Street, so a stranger would at once know where to go without any directions whatever.

* This street was in good order, but the Police Commissioners insisted on re-bottoming it, in doing so the levels were bungled.

The great thoroughfare or artery of New York is Broadway, (80 feet wide); it runs from Battery Point in a straight line through the centre of the city, then branches off in a westerly direction. It is one of the finest thoroughfares in the world. It is the great buisness street, and is lined with fine shops, offices, and large dry goods warehouses, or rather *stores* , as they are called. The late Mr. A. T. Stewart's retail warehouse, the largest in the world, occupies an entire block; it is six stories high, built of iron, and painted white; his wholesale store is marble.

Library of Congress

The insurance and newspaper offices are got up regardless of expense. Some of the latter have high towers, to which, I presume, the editors retreat when threatened with a horse-whipping.

The houses generally have outside Venetian blinds. The signboards are a perfect study, surpassing in number and variety any attempt at advertising I had previously seen. The side streets are roughly paved; 15 telegraph posts are stuck rudely into the streets at the edge of the pavement; trees line several streets; gaudily-painted figures of Indians and Africans taking snuff stand opposite tobacconists' shops; barbers' poles are innumerable; tramway cars run up the principal streets (except Broadway), and in two or three streets, railway trains run over your head as high as the second storey, in short, commerce is everything, and everything gives way to it. There is a total disregard for appearance or architectural effect; but withal, there is a charm in the bustle around, as you at once feel conscious that you are among an energetic, hard working, great people.

The elevated railway is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen attempted in a city. Iron or wooden posts are stuck in at the edge of the pavements, and the street is arched over with cross beams as high as the second storey of the houses. On the top of these the train runs, and the traffic of the street goes on below. In narrow streets which admit only single lines, single posts are used shaped like the letter T. This mode of construction is cheaper than the underground railway in London, and is pleasanter to ride in, but it is most destructive to property. A gentleman who owns several streets told me that some of his warehouses were empty and would never let again, except at greatly reduced rents, and he got no compensation. The bill for such a railway passes, I believe, through the State Parliament.

The most imposing building in the city is the Post Office, built of granite, it cost £1,400,000. The Court House is a massive marble building. It cost 16 six millions of pounds sterling, three to four millions of which were stolen by contractors and others.

The modern part of the city is well built and paved. The dwellings in the fashionable quarters are equal to the finest residences in Belgravia. The late Mr. A. T. Stewart's house in Fifth Avenue is palatial, built of white marble, and cost £400,000. Central Park, at the end of Fifth Avenue, contains 850 acres, tastefully laid out. It is 2½ miles long and half-a-mile wide.

Hotels are more numerous than in this country, and are a leading feature in American life, as many families make them their home on account of the inconvenience of carrying on private houses through the scarcity of " *helps* " or domestic servants. Many of the hotels are perfect palaces; white marble is largely used in their construction.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, at which I stayed, is six stories high, built of white marble, and has accommodation for 1100 guests. The bottom floor in all hotels is entirely open to the public. The spacious hall is lined with chairs, where gentlemen sit and smoke, and it is sometimes as crowded and as busy as an Exchange. Several shops open off the hall, such as a tailor's, hatter's, and apothecary's. Then there are reading and writing rooms, post and telegraph offices, railway ticket office, book stall, billiard rooms, lavatories, bar, and hair-dressing establishment. All these are entirely open to the public. Any one can step into any of these large hotels, write a letter, read the papers, take every use of the establishment without hindrance or payment. If you wish to stay in the hotel, engage a room at the hotel office in the hall, 17 and walk, up stairs, where there are large dining and drawing-rooms, and the bed-rooms are above.

One or two hotels are carried, on our practice of charging each meal separately; but the universal plan adopted in America is the boarding system—that is, a fixed sum per day is charged including all meals, and bed-room. Liquors of course are extra. The charge in some hotels is three and a half to four dollars per day, but I believe the fare and accommodation are indifferent. The lowest charge in the. leading New York hotels is five dollars, or twenty-one shillings per day. This is very expensive, and although I frequently only took breakfast and dined elsewhere, no deduction from the bill was made.

I may mention here that I found, charges for food in restaurants, &c., very dear all over the States. Clothes, are also very dear. A gentleman told me that he paid £16 for a dress coat, but of course that was at the most fashionable tailor's in New York.

The first hotel I stayed in was the Sturtevant House, the dining-room of which is a spacious apartment, with polished floor, and little tables scattered all over the room. On entering, I had difficulty in retaining my gravity at seeing the nigger waiters, about thirty or forty of them, all dressed in white calico, from top to toe.

The meals are served in a novel manner, and I was much amused at the style of eating. A lady at a table next to mine ordered her dinner as follows. After having finished soup, and salmon with anchovy sauce, a sambo handed her the bill of fare: Well, she said, I'll have some— 18

Chicken fixings and apple sauce,

Sheep's head and brain sauce,

Calf's tongue,

Corn'd beef and turnips,

Oyster pattie and lobster salad.

Then for vegetables I&ll have some

Sweet potatoes,

Peas,

Indian corn,

Macaroni,

Squash,

Tomatoes,

Sliced cucumbers, and olives.

These dishes were then brought on little saucers, placed all on the table at once, and she took a pick from one dish then another, reminding me much of the manner in which boys feed young sparrows. After these dishes were removed, she said, “Then for desert I'll have gooseberry pie and cocoanut kisses, filberts, crackers and cheese, celery, and ice cream.” During the eating of these victuals this interesting young woman drunk three or four tumblers full of iced water, then topped the whole with a cup of hot coffee.

The national drink is *iced water.* It is quite exceptional to see wine drunk at table. If an American wishes a drink he goes to the bar on the ground floor and takes one of the following *drinks* :—

Cocktail,

Gin sling,

Sherry cobbler,

Tangle legs,

Half dash,

Brandy smash,

Egg nogg,

Gin fizz,

Dolly Varden, or

John Collins.

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On retiring, when about to place my boots outside the bed-room door, I observed an intimation stuck up, announcing “That the proprietor would not be responsible for boots left in the passage.” In the morning, I was directed to a room down stairs to have them brushed. Reclining in a very free and easy manner in a rocking chair was a nigger in a blue coat, profusely braided. As he wore a gold ring, read the *New York Herald* , and smoked a giant regalia, I had doubts about asking such a swell if he were the boot-black, so deemed it prudent to sit down without remark. In an instant, he threw the paper aside, dashed off his coat, put his whole soul into the brushes, and soon made my boots shine again. This is gone through every morning, and costs 10 cents, or fivepence.

I asked a New York lady if she had to undergo the same operation. She glanced at her husband and said, “Well no, my boots never seem to get soiled.” I found that the knowing little creature wore India rubbers, and her husband gave the boots a touch-up on the sly.

In describing the boot-blacking, &c., I do so in order to give you my first impressions; but I got quite accustomed to such things, and soon paid no attention to them.

I visited a large prison in which there is a factory where 700 prisoners are employed making boots. All were dressed in stripped flannel suits, zebra pattern, and had their hair cut short. It was certainly a busy hive, leather-cutting, blocking, screwing, sewing and rivetting machines grinding away in all directions.

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The prisoners seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with the trade, and worked with great spirit. At the end of each room an official was seated in a pulpit with his feet stuck up on

the desk, puffing volumes of smoke into the air, and complacently reviewing the scene below. The prisoners get wages placed to their credit and good conduct marks.

I conversed with a number who were firing away with *Finlayson's* thread, they seemed fully alive to its merits, and I left wondering why such *sensible* men ever got into their present situation.

I then visited PHILADELPHIA. The great quaker city, founded by William Penn, covers the largest *area* of any city in the United States, and it is next to New York in population; the population is 800,000. The city which lies between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers is twenty miles long x eight wide, and contains three hundred miles of paved streets, and more houses than any city in the States. Broad Street, the longest in the city, measures twenty three miles. You must not suppose that this street is compactly built for twenty three miles; the meaning is that the municipal boundaries extend that distance. It is customary to carry the names of streets right out into the open country. Broadway runs through New York City, up the Hudson River for 150 miles, and through the city of Albany; and Yonge Street in Toronto runs more than 100 miles in a straight line. For instance, Argyle Street in Glasgow would in all probability be called Argyle Street through Dumbarton as far as Helensburgh, and the High Street of Paisley would be called High Street from Glasgow through Paisley and Howood to Beith.

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The site of *Philadelphia* is very flat. The city is substantially built, principally of brick, and white marble is extensively used for window-sills and door-steps. The majority of the streets are only about fifty feet wide, and are lined with trees. It is a great business place, and although there is considerable bustle, the tone is quieter than in New York. The first person I called on was George H. Stuart; he occupies a high place among American philanthropists. He raised enormous sums during the war, and organised the Christian Commission which did so much to alleviate the distress and smooth the pillows of thousands of poor fellows on the field of battle. Mr. Stuart delights in relating stirring

incidents of the war, and shows with pride one of the little testaments he had distributed which saved a man's life. The soldier had carried it over his heart, and a bullet had pierced the book and stopped at the last board. Mr. Stuart showed me about Philadelphia. We visited the old State House, where are preserved a collection of portraits, revolutionary relics, the table on which the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776, and the old liberty bell, which bears the following inscription:—“Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the people thereof.”

We then went to Girard College, the leading charitable institution of the city. Stephen Girard, a banker and merchant, who died in 1831, left his large fortune for the improvement of the city and charitable purposes. The College which bears his name was built and endowed by his funds; it is a truly noble and lasting monument to his memory. In it 850 fatherless boys, D 22 between the ages of 6 and 18 years, are boarded and educated entirely free of expense, and afterwards indentured to learn a trade.

The main building, which is 169 feet long x 111 feet wide, is most chaste, and for its size is one of the most costly in the States. It is built entirely of pure white marble in the form of a Grecian temple, and is surrounded by a portico supported by 34 marble columns 55 feet high x 6 feet in diameter. Each column weighs 103 tons, and cost £2,600. The roof is laid with marble slabs 4 feet square. Every block of marble in the building is set in pieces of milled lead in order to prevent fracture at the joints, and all the stones are fastened together by heavy cramp irons. This gorgeous temple with two smaller adjoining buildings took 14½ years to erect, and cost £400,000.

There are also dormitories, junior school, and hospital built separately. The whole stands in 42 acres tastefully laid out. The management of this institution is vested in the Directors of City Trusts, composed of twelve citizens appointed by the Court of Common Pleas, who along with the Mayor constitute the Board.

I was shown through the principal departments, kitchens, &c.; all are most trimly kept. I saw the junior department at tea; it was a great sight to see so many fine chubby little boys so well cared for.

Mr. Girard in his will left most minute instructions about the building and management of the institution. He evidently did not approve of having ministers on a school board, as he emphatically stated in his will that no clergyman was to be allowed inside the gates 23 for any purpose whatever, so those who wish to get a peep inside require to remove their white ties. Services are conducted by laymen in a beautiful chapel recently erected at a cost of £20,000.

I then went to WASHINGTON, the political capital of the United States.

On arriving at the hotel, I was greeted by a voice in a well known brogue—“Arrah, sor! how did ye lave all at home.” I turned round, and a “bould” son of Erin, the boots of the establishment, stood grinning before me.

“How did you know me?”

“Deed, sor, I knew ye by your luggage. Tell us how all's going on in the ould country.”

“Well,” I said, “they are in rather a bad way just at present; how are you getting on yourself? ”

“Augh, sor, I came out here to make my fortune, but there's less gould lying about than I expected, I was brought up in Galway at a noice farm; foine pigs, and as game a little mare as ever you put your leg across. I wish I saw the ould place again.”

“Are there no races about here to cheer you up?”

“Augh! no, nothing like the Galway ones, only trotting round a ring in a common gig. Deed, sor, the people in this country don't know what sport is, and what's more they are very hard, the truth is sor, I niver see a bit of money till gintlemen like yourself come across.”

Pensylvania Avenue, the main thoroughfare, is a beautiful street lined with trees; it is one and a quarter miles long, and 160 feet wide. The houses are very indifferent; but the great white dome of the Capitol 24 towering several hundred feet above at the one end, and the massive granite Treasury Buildings at the other, are very impressive and picturesque.

Every second man is a nigger, and every third white man is colonel; you almost fancy yourself in Calcutta with the broiling sun above, and so many niggers and military men below.

Washington at present is a most ridiculous looking city. It has been called “the city of magnificent distances and intentions.” The plan is to have the Capitol in the centre, and to have avenues radiating from it all around. The avenues and streets have been laid out for a city suitable for, I should think, a million, but there are only, I believe, about 80,000 inhabitants, and only a small portion of the city has been built; the consequence is that instead of being in the centre, the Capitol is at the edge of the city facing towards open fields and unbuilt streets lined with trees. I think the city will never be built, as it has no commerce; it is merely the seat of Government.

The Capitol is (many say) the largest building in the world. It is a magnificent pile 750 feet long, covers 3½ acres, and stands on rising ground tastefully laid out with shrubs and trees. A great portico of Corinthian columns adorns the entrance, and a magnificent dome similar in shape to St. Paul's in London rises 240 feet above the roof, and on the top is a figure of Liberty. The view of the Potomac and the luxuriant country around is extensive and beautiful. The main part is built of freestone, and painted pure white to the very top; the wings are marble. The spacious halls, marble 25 staircases, statuary, and pictures are worthy of a great nation.

The House of Representatives is in one end, and the Senate or Upper House occupies the other. There are galleries in each for the accommodation of 1200 to 1500 strangers. The members' seats are placed in a circular form round the rostrum, from which they address the house. Each member is provided with a spitoon and a desk on which he may write or rest his head or his heels if he chooses. The Supreme Court also sits in the Capitol.

Before leaving the Capitol allow me briefly to refer to the Government.

There are 38 states in the country, besides several territories. Texas, the largest state, is about 2¼ times larger than the United Kingdom, or one-fourth larger than France. Rhode Island, the smallest state, is about the size of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire put together.

Each state is entirely independent of the others, and each has a legislature of its own for regulating its internal affairs.

The power of legislation for the states in their *united* character is vested in Congress and the President.

The President and Vice-President are elected for four years. The President must be at least 35 years of age, and by birth an American. These officers are chosen by the people, not by direct vote, but through the Electoral College; that is, each state elects a number of electors equal to its members of Congress, and these electors choose the President and Vice-President. It is known whom they will elect in case 26 this party or that succeeds, for the parties nominate their candidates, and the electors simply register the people's will as expressed in the ballot-box.

The President has a cabinet of seven—the Secretary of State, Secretary of Treasury, Secretary of War, Secretary of Navy, Secretary of Interior, Post-Master General, and Attorney General. These men are appointed by the President, with the approval of the Senate. Neither the President nor any of his Cabinet has a seat in Congress. The Vice-

President is Chairman of the Senate, but never votes except when both sides are equal, then he gives his casting vote.

The President's salary is 50,000 dollars, or £10,000. Each of his Cabinet is paid 8000 dollars, or £1600 per annum.

Congress, which meets in the Capitol, consists of two houses. *The Senate* , or Upper House, is composed of two Senators from each state elected by the legislature thereof for a term of six years. *The House of Representatives* , or Lower House, is elected by the people for two years; each state returns a member for about every 120,000 inhabitants.

These two houses constitute Congress; each member is paid 5000 dollars or £1000 per annum, and an allowance for travelling expenses.

Congress, with the approval of the President, makes the laws which affect the country as a *whole nation* , such as treaties with foreign powers, raising loans, regulating the post office and custom house, army navy, coinage, &c.

The President has great power; he is the Executive; he declares war or makes peace; he can refuse to 27 sanction an act, but if passed again by two-thirds of Congress it becomes law. He has as much power as an emperor; his Cabinet are his servants, and he can remove them at his pleasure.

Each state has a Governor elected by the people; in some states his term of office is one year, in others four, and Governors' salaries vary from £400 to £1600 per annum. The Governor stands in the same relation to his state as the President does to the country.

The State Parliaments meet in fine Houses of Parliament in the capital city of each state.

The State Parliament, with the approval of the Governor, makes all domestic laws, such as liquor laws, municipal laws, factory laws, passes railway bills, &c. Although the code of laws is very similar all over the country, still one state may vary from its neighbour in its

liquor laws, one may fix 60 hours per week for factory work, the next 70, and another may have no limit at all, in short, each state is a complete republic in itself.

Every state is divided into Counties, and there are County Courts similar to our own. County Judges and State Judges in most of the states are appointed by the Governor. The other officials, such as Sheriff, Solicitor, and Treasurer, &c., are elected by the people.

Then in cities and towns, they have Mayor, Aldermen, and Town Council same as our own, the only difference being that our Commissioners merely get glory and honour, whereas in America they get glory, honour, and *pay.*

Fancy if we had had to pay salaries to our Commissioners for ordering the "big drain!"

28

I was accompanied to Washington by Governor Harriman of New Hampshire, a fine-looking man, and one of the best orators in America.

He took me to the Treasury Buildings and introduced me to Chief Secretary Sherman, and the Under Secretary of the Treasury, Judge French. I had a long conversation and urged the adoption of specific instead of *ad valorem* rates in collecting tariff duties on all classes of goods when practicable, in order to simplify customs questions with British traders. I was introduced to several other officials, then walked over to the White House to call on the President.

The White House is a plain square building 170 feet long, and 86 feet deep, two stories high, built of freestone, and painted white. The door was standing open, and a footman in plain clothes who was walking about the hall seemed the only person "on guard." The East room, which is 80 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 20 feet high, is the only apartment of any importance in the mansion.

We walked up stairs and found about fifty people (principally ladies) sitting in the upper landing waiting to see the President. They would have to wait several hours. When we appeared, an over fed nigger in a stripped nankeen jacket asked our names and business. We gave our cards, and as Governor Harriman was an intimate friend, the President invited us in at once and received us most pleasantly. President Hayes is a nice looking man, with beard and moustache, not at all yankee-looking, and speaks without the slightest American accent. He was sitting at his desk in a small room looking over papers and giving instructions 29 to two officials, just like any merchant in his office, yet what a great position this man is in, governing and directing the affairs of fifty millions, one of the greatest nations on earth.

I expressed how pleased I was with what I had already seen of his country, and assured him of the great desire of England to maintain the close and intimate friendship of the United States.

We only remained a few minutes as the President was much engaged, but he asked us to call in an hour and take a drive with him; we had, however, to decline his kind invitation as business engagements compelled us to leave the city that day.

On going out, my friend was a few yards in advance; the stout nigger touched me and asked if that was Governor Harriman, I said “yes.” He at once grinned, revolved his eyes, rushed down stairs after the Governor, seized him with both hands and *danced with delight* . Whether this demonstration was a mode of showing his gratitude to the Governor for his efforts in the cause of freedom, or a mere ebullition of nigger fervour, or an attempt to extract half a dollar, I could not make out. The Governor, however, seemed a great favourite of the niggers, and several manifested symptoms of delight at seeing him on the street, and the antics of a nigger driver when we got into his chaise, baffle description.

Niggers are everywhere—nigger cabmen, nigger barbers, nigger labourers, nigger waiters, nigger shoe-blacks, and nigger loafers; in fact one feels almost unfashionable by not being a nigger.

The swell niggers get themselves up very loudly, E 30 show a deal of linen and glaring red or green ties, like “dandy Jim of Carolina.”

There is a great deal of natural humour about the niggers; their grin and powers of rolling their eyes cannot be surpassed. I never saw a black population before, and was particularly amused at the youngsters; they looked like young gorillas; some stood on their heads, others rolled in the gutters, while their comrades danced the clog dance, the step for which seems to be the same all the world over.

Some of the niggers have a bouncing self-confident look as much as to say “I you pinned us down once but our time has now come.” I saw a militia regiment of niggers marching through Philadelphia, all dressed in grey coats with huge gilt epaulettes and white nankeen trousers. It was a comical sight. Whether it was their keenness *for* , or fear *of* , battle, or the heat of the day combined with the-tightness of their collars, I know not, but their eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

The railway and luggage arrangements have been reduced to the most perfect system, and for comfort and convenience are far ahead of ours. As already stated, in every hotel there is a ticket office where you can procure tickets at your leisure, and obtain every information, and the Railway Companies leave bundles of time tables with maps showing the various routes. This prevents crushing for tickets at stations, and it would be a great boon to the travelling public were this system adopted in our large cities.

On going to the station your luggage is taken to a baggage room, and you request it to be booked or 31 rather “checked” to the place you intend going to, say Washington to Boston. The porter straps a brass label with a number to each package, and gives you a duplicate

label or “check.” You pay nothing; from that moment you don't trouble yourself about your luggage, the Railway Company is responsible. You don't need, as in this country, to get a porter, see your luggage labelled, see it put into the proper van and be always on the look-out in case some one bolt with it, or a stupid porter leave it behind; the arrangements are so perfect that you could travel from here as far as India without giving your luggage a thought, knowing that it is perfectly safe. On arriving at your journey's end, if you take a cab, give the cabman your checks, and the luggage is removed in an orderly manner.

There are innumerable luggage and parcel delivery companies called Express Companies, similar to our Globe Parcel Express, only carried out to a most extraordinary extent. These Express Companies have offices in every town, men calling at every hotel and at every station. You can hand over your luggage, get a receipt, and they will deliver it at any hotel or house in the country. Before arriving at any large town, express men walk through the railway carriages, and if you do not wish to take a cab, or if you wish to save yourself trouble, hand the express man your checks, and he will deliver your luggage at any hotel in the city for a small charge. These Express Companies also remove all merchandise from warehouses. Merchants hang out a card at their doors with the name of the company they wish to employ, the carters 32 see this on passing down the street and call and remove the goods.

The railway carriages or “cars” hold 50 or 60 persons, and are similar in shape to tramway cars, only the seats are placed across, with a passage up the centre, and you can walk from one end of the train to the other. The great principle being equality, class distinctions are not recognised. The railway companies take advantage of this, and make all pay the same fare, all travel together, there is not such a thing as a 2nd or 3rd class. There is, however, on journeys of any length, a Pullman Car, for which of course an extra charge is made. In trains going long journeys there are sleeping cars, and dining-room cars in which are served as good dinners as in any restaurant, cooking and everything being done on board. These arrangements are necessary as railway journeys are long, sometimes a week. Boys walk up and down the cars selling papers, books, fruit, ices, &c. Tickets are

collected *en route* , and you can break your journey at any station. The conductors are a very superior and intelligent class of men, and are most civil and obliging.

The permanent way and stations are cheaply got up, and there are few fences. Trains dash right up the main streets of large towns, and across country roads without the slightest protection. In some large towns there are fences, but I have seen in many towns, children playing on the streets and trains dashing past at full speed without any fence whatever.

There is a large brass bell on the engine which the driver rings at every crossing, and when entering a 33 town. There are no gates at cross roads, but a signboard requests people “to look out for the engine when the bell rings.” The engine is also provided with a wedge in front called a cow-catcher, to throw aside any stout old gentleman or other impediment.

There are few officials at the stations, no hully-ballooing, no doors clashing, no frantic yells on the passengers to take seats. The great principle in America is “look out and take care of yourself.” For instance, in this country, if you ran after a train and attempted to jump on, you would at once be seized by a score of officials, be tripped up, nearly choked, then fined *forty shillings and costs* , whereas in America they cheer you on.

We left Washington by direct mail for Boston. On arriving at Jersey City about midnight, the engine was detached, and the train, consisting of seven large Pullman sleeping cars and a van, was run on to a steamboat, and we sailed one hour right across the river Hudson, round New York, and ran on to another line where an engine was waiting to take us on to Boston. The ferry-boat was very large, like a regular American river steamer. There was a refreshment room up stairs, and when sailing round New York I went up, had supper, then walked about outside.

It was a lovely night, the moon threw its soft and dreamy light on the great city as it lay asleep, not a light was to be seen in it, save in the newspaper offices, where no doubt

clever editors were hard at work providing new sensations and scandals for the great leviathan when it woke up next morning. Numerous ferry-boats, which were sailing about as noiselessly as 34 Venetian gondolas, seemed with their variegated lamps like Wills-o-the-wisp. I frequently travelled between New York and Boston, and the train was ferried across the river Thames at New London in the same way.

America is rich in rivers; between Washington and Boston we crossed five great rivers— the Potomac, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Hudson, and the Connecticut. With the exception of the Hudson none of them are navigable for any great distance in proportion to their length.

Between Washington and Boston the country is indifferently cultivated; there are vast tracts left in forest, the foliage and shrubs of which are very rich. The great farm lands of America are west of the Alleghany mountains.

Every villa, without exception, and almost all the houses and factories in the smaller towns or cities are built of wood, prettily painted. These wooden houses have an exceedingly trim and cheerful effect, and look like children's toys, scattered along hill and dale. The smaller country towns are not drained, the streets are not made, and planks of wood are laid down for pavements.

On arriving at BOSTON, you at once feel yourself among a people quite different from the New Yorkers, similar to a difference between any of our large and strictly commercial centres and Edinburgh. In New York the question is— *how much have you?* In Boston it is — *how much do you know?*

Boston , the capital of the State of Massachusetts, and I might say the capital of the New England States, is built like a crescent round the undulating shores of 35 Massachusetts Bay. It is a beautiful city, and the most English-like of any in the States. The old part is most irregularly built, simply a maze, and although I lived there for several weeks I frequently was puzzled to find my way. A story is told of a stranger who after wandering

about for some time, at last asked a policeman the way to such and such a street. “Well,” he replied, “I guess it is about time you were asking, as you have passed me seventeen times.”

In the centre of the city there is a park called “the Common,” of about 100 acres, with avenues of grand old elms, and tastefully laid out flower gardens, ornamented with a few fine statues. It is surrounded by streets of splendid private residences and clubs, and at the northern end the gilded dome of the State House towers above the trees.

A high granite column is erected on Bunker Hill in commemoration of the defeat of the English, on 17th June, 1775. The 17th of June is an annual holiday, all places of business were closed, and numerous militia regiments paraded the streets, and the Governor of the state reviewed them on the Common.

In the great fire which broke out on Saturday evening, 9th November, 1872, and which raged with great fury till Sunday night, 60 acres of the principal business part of the city were reduced to ruins. The losses amounted to the enormous sum of £15,000,000. This portion of the city has been entirely rebuilt, and streets of magnificent warehouses have risen from the ruins. It is worth noting, that in the fire granite buildings crumbled to dust, while those of common brick stood it out.

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Boston is called “the Hub” (or centre of the wheel) of the Universe; it is celebrated for its literary and benevolent institutions, and the people are highly cultivated and very musical.

I made Boston my headquarters; and was introduced to several gentlemen, who, although quite unconnected in business, treated me with great kindness and hospitality, made me an honorary member of the leading clubs, and almost daily sent invitations to entertainments or excursions. I mention these details in order to contradict certain writers who have stated that the Americans are inhospitable.

I regret that I had not an opportunity of hearing Ward Beecher or Talmage, the two great popular preachers of New York. I met one of my fellow passengers in Boston; he had just heard Talmage the previous day. It was a most extraordinary performance. Half-a-dozen reporters were present; the huge audience laughed and applauded, and the preacher finished up with the following remarkable peroration:—

“May the time soon come when England will be for manufactures, France for manners, Italy for art, Germany for literature, and our great and. glorious Commonwealth for God.”

With a theatrical wave of the hand, he vanished from the platform, amid loud applause. I would not have you suppose that all the clergymen in America have similar eccentricities. No, there are as many great, good, and earnest preachers as here, and all the services that I attended were conducted with the same decorum as our own.

Episcopalians, Unitarians, and Baptists, muster 37 strong in Boston. I was invited to a dinner of the Baptist Union; 300 were. present. They meet and dine together once a month. Among them were some of the leading business men of Boston and vicinity.

An allusion to our Queen in a speech made by a Professor was received with loud cheers. This was the only opportunity I had of ascertaining the public feeling towards us. The settlement of the Alabama claims has done much to cement old differences.

One day a party of us drove to Harvard, the leading University of the States. The buildings are old and unostentatious. A very handsome memorial hall has been recently erected as a monument to the students killed in the war; 850 students dine in it daily.

We then called at a pretty little estate; large grey squirrels were running about the lawns like rabbits. It was curious to think, in walking through these fine gardens and farms, that the property will probably be sold at the death of the present proprietor, and not handed down to his son or family.

There is no law of entail. The Americans have totally different views from us on these points; they admire the old English style, but don't and wo'nt adopt it. Men make money, spend it, and leave their sons to fight for themselves. Sons, on the other hand, seem to take a pride in steering clear of their fathers. When a man once introduced a young American to an audience as the grandson of the celebrated Mr. So-and-so, he felt quite insulted, and remarked, “That no doubt his grandfather was a tolerably respectable old party, and did well enough in his day, but he begged to say that he stood in his *own* shoes.” F

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From the tower on the house top we had a most extensive and panoramic view—at our feet lay Harvard University, the town of Cambridge where Washington first took command of the army, and Auburn Cemetery celebrated for its beauty, while in the distance stood Boston, the gilded dome of the State House glittering in the sun, and hill and dale for miles around dotted over with pretty villas.

Amid this lovely and luxuriant country, the placid Charles river wends its way to the sea; I might call it the classic river, for it, indeed all the country around, has been rendered classic by America's greatest poet—Longfellow. Here he resides, and it is to the Charles river he alludes in his lovely song of “The Bridge,” and it was on its banks he wrote “The Village Blacksmith,” a song which thrills audiences in every part of the civilized world.

There are now upwards of ten millions of cotton spinning spindles in America, three-fourths of which are in the New England States. At Lawrence, a town on the Merrimac river (70 miles from Boston), I was shown over the Pacific Mills, the largest in the world; in them 5,300 hands are employed in the manufacture of cotton cloth and fancy dress goods of wool and cotton. This great concern consists of 12 buildings with 42 acres of flooring, and contains 135,000 cotton spindles, 25,000 worsted spindles, 4,500 looms, and 24 machines

which print from one to sixteen colours. More than 1,260,000 yards of cloth are printed or dyed every week. Fifty boilers in a row supply the print-works with steam.

The Merrimac river, which I think will be rather 39 more than the width of the Clyde at Glasgow Bridge, is dammed back by a weir 30 feet high, and the water is diverted into a great lade 80 feet wide, and the mills of the Pacific and other companies are supplied with water-power from it. The water-power used by the Pacific is 2300 horse, besides the engines. The mills work 60 hours a week. In going through the print-works, several of the workmen told me that they came from Leven and Thornliebank.

There are six other concerns in Lawrence, manufacturing cotton and woollen goods, and all, including the Pacific Company, employ a capital of £1,600,000, over 10,000 hands, 338,000 spindles, and produce over 2,300,000 yards of cloth weekly. Thirty years ago corn grew on the site of these vast mills, but now the thriving town contains 40,000 inhabitants.

The Cotton Thread Works of Messrs. J. & P. Coats, at Pawtucket (in the State of Rhode Island), 40 miles from Boston, are very extensive, and consist of three large mills standing parallel to each other. The newest mill (four stories) has the finest rooms I have ever seen —about 400 feet long by 105 feet wide; two of these flats contain 25,000 spinning spindles each. The cotton is spun from the foundation and sent out on spools; 1500 hands are employed, and the mills work 65 hours a week.

Messrs. Clark, of Paisley, have extensive mills at Newark, New Jersey.

I visited several of the leading manufacturing towns, and saw through factories of all kinds which I have not time to describe.

The waiters at my hotel in Boston were my old 40 friends—Irishmen—and right glad was I to see them. As I had obtained an opinion of the country from a Washington Irishman's point of view, I thought I would ascertain what views his Boston brethren held on the subject, so I said to one “How do you like the country?”

“Well, sor, when I came out here twenty year ago the country was good enough thin, but now wages are coming down, and rints are tarrible high; a working man can't get a house under twenty-four or thirty pound, and clothes are beyond all buying; the truth is, the country's going to the dogs entirely; there's no getting on at all, at all.”

Brighter prospects seemed to dawn when I gave him half-a-dollar.

I left Boston one evening for Montreal, and next morning when I got up I found myself across the border and in British territory. Words cannot express the glow of delight that I had when I came in sight of the mighty St. Lawrence stretching out like a great sea. The train crosses the St. Lawrence by the Great Victoria Bridge, one of the wonders of the world, nearly 2 miles long, consisting of a series of wrought-iron tubes resting on 24 piers of masonry, the central tube being 830 feet long X 22 feet high, and 16 feet wide, it contains only a single line of rails, and the total cost was £1,300,000, It is a very inelegant structure, but a most useful one, were it not for it the direct communication between Montreal and the States would be entirely cut off.

On leaving the bridge, Montreal bursts on your view. The situation of the city could not be surpassed; 41 it rises gradually from the great river, and a richly wooded hill similar in shape to Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh rises abruptly behind the city. This hill has been converted into a public park, and from it is obtained one of the grandest views imaginable.

My joy was great at landing in Canada; I rejoiced to be once again among the loyal subjects of the Queen, among whom I knew were many from the land of the heather and blue bell.

MONTREAL is a well-built city; the banks and public buildings are imposing, and on the outskirts are innumerable mansions and villas, all substantially built of stone, and many of the streets are lined with trees. There are an immense number of churches, all particularly fine buildings. The Roman Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame is very grand;

it accommodates 10,000 persons. There is a great French population, who by treaty are subject to French law. The streets generally have the names stuck up in French and English.

The Windsor is the finest hotel I stayed at in America; it had just been opened. It is quite palatial. All the hall floors and staircases are white marble. The dinning-room, 120 feet long X 56 wide, is a beautifully painted hall with white marble floor. It is in this room that all public balls take place, and it was here that the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne were entertained. The drawing-room, 100 feet long, is furnished in ebony and blue satin. The central hall is open to the public, and is like a great club with billiard-rooms, bar, shops, &c., similar to the New York hotels.

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A friend, to whom I will afterwards allude, took me to the last meet of the Montreal fox hounds, on 4th May; we had a long ride through the most richly cultivated country teeming with orchards, and galloped home for about eight miles along the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Canada is a flat country, and the scenery along the Grand Trunk Line to Toronto would be very tame were it not for the rich foliage of the forests.

The country around Toronto is perfectly flat and very uninteresting. Part of the city stands on land reclaimed from Lake Ontario.

TORONTO is splendidly built; its warehouses, banks, churches, and other public buildings compare favourably with those of Glasgow. The population at present is 80,000. It is a very thriving place; it and the town of London further west are destined to become the great emporiums of trade when Canada is thoroughly opened up.

I visited all the leading warehouses, and was much surprised at the enormous quantities of American-made goods in them. One merchant said to me—“Now, you see this large

room filled with cotton prints. There is not a single piece of English goods in it; at one time I bought £40,000 worth a year from English manufacturers, now I don't buy one shilling's worth. The ordinary prints are from the States, and the finer qualities are from France. The tweeds and coarse cotton cloth are Canadian make."

All the leading merchants told me a similar story.

I had a long conversation with Mr. John Macdonald the member for Toronto, and he gave me a copy of 43 one of his speeches containing the following interesting statistics:—In the year 1873 the imports from Britain were 68 million dollars; and from the United States 47 millions, a gain in favour of Britain of 21 million dollars. In 1877 the imports from Britain were 39 millions, and from the States 51 millions, or 12 millions in favour of the States.

Speaking in the Canadian House of Commons on the 1st March, 1878, Mr. Macdonald said, "taking the present year our trade with Britain has declined 1,162,000 dollars; and our trade with the States has increased 5,242,000."

Mr. Macdonald predicted that, "while the imports from Britain will steadily decrease; those from the United States will steadily increase, and that before 1884 the trade with the States, now amounting to 50 millions, will reach the volume of 100 millions of dollars."

The total exports of cotton cloth from the United States have risen from 13,430,000 yards in 1870, to 126,294,000 yards in 1878.

This is not a lecture on political economy, so I will not enlarge on these startling statements, but commend them to the consideration of certain stump orators and writers, who, filled with what might be termed an overweening conceit of our manufacturing power, pooh-pooh foreign competition, and imagine that England is for ever to remain the workshop of the world.

I spent a few hours at Hamilton, a prosperous city of 25,000, prettily situated on Lake Ontario, then proceeded to the *Falls of Niagara.*

The level of Lake Ontario is 834 feet lower than 44 Lake Erie. The Niagara River, which connects these lakes, is 33½ miles long; the Falls, are situated on it twenty miles below Lake Erie. The river immediately above the Falls is about one mile wide. This mighty sea, as it approaches the Falls, is lashed into waves or rapids of seething foam by a sudden fall of 30 feet in the rocky bed of the river.

At the rapids, the river is divided by Goat Island, then pours over perpendicular cliffs (just like the face of a quarry) 164 feet high, into a chasm 450 yards wide, with perpendicular rocks about 200 feet high on either side.

There are two distinct Falls; the part of the river on the east side of Goat Island forms the American Fall, and the Horse-Shoe Fall is on the west side.

The American Fall, which is 300 yards wide, is rather an ugly colour, white and brown stripes alternately, and there is so much debris at the foot, that although the Fall measures 164 feet from the river to the crest, still it does not look so high.

The Horse-Shoe Fall is 700 yards wide, and is by far the most imposing. It is the same ugly colour at the sides, but in the centre where the water is supposed to be 20 or 25 feet thick, it is a rich deep green; this exquisite colour is, I consider, one of the main beauties of the scene. From the centre, a column of spray is ever ascending.

Over these Falls 100 millions of tons pour every hour; the surplus water from lakes covering about 85,000 square miles.

After the Falls, the river, which is supposed to be 250 feet deep, is an ugly muddled green colour, covered 45 with bubbles of white foam. For some distance it flows so slowly that it seems almost stagnant, but at rapids, at a bend in the river about three miles down, a

great whirlpool is formed, in which anything going over the Falls is generally found. I did not visit the whirlpool; but believe the water rises to a height of 10 feet.

Two gentlemen (brothers) who attempted to cross the river in a small boat, two miles above the Fall, were carried over, and their bodies were found in the whirlpool. This occurred about three weeks before I was there.

Having heard so much of the Falls I expected to be awe-struck, but I was at first greatly disappointed. Their great breadth detracts from their height, and the road by which you approach, on the Canadian side, is level with the top of the Falls, you therefore look *down on* them, and so do not comprehend their vastness until you go down to the river's edge and look up.

The surroundings are not altogether so picturesque as I anticipated; on the American side, the town of Niagara is built close to the river. A paper mill is driven by the rapids immediately above the American Fall—then on the Canadian side, the amenity of the place is rather spoiled by several hotels and museums.

A most beautiful suspension bridge, 450 yards long (the longest in the world), crosses the river in one span, immediately below the American Fall; it is about 200 feet above the water.

Goat Island, which is connected by a bridge, contains about 25 acres; it and the Canadian side of the river are prettily wooded.

I was accompanied to the Falls by one of the most G 46 popular and best known young men in Montreal—Mr. Hugh Paton, of Johnstone.

We arrived about dusk, and as the larger hotels were not opened for the season, we stayed in a small wooden one close to the Falls, so close that the spray wet any one standing at the door, and the windows rattled with the vibration.

Next day we viewed the Falls from all points, then called at a house, put on a suit of waterproofs, and went under the Horse-Shoe Fall; we could not go in more than 50 feet as the ledge of rock stops. The water forms a complete arch, and falls about 60 feet from the rock. We then scrambled down to the edge of the river and looked up. It was most impressive to see such a vast wall of water nearly half a mile broad pouring down 160 feet. The noise was deafening.

On coming up, after putting off the waterproofs (for the use of which one dollar is charged), we were obliged to walk into the museum to sign the visitors' book. The museum proprietor then urged us into his shop, when we were at once seized by some prepossessing young women, with very frizzy hair, who insisted on our buying photographs at exorbitant prices. Resistance is useless.

Niagara is greatly resorted to by match-making mammas, and on Goat Island there are many romantic little nooks and corners exactly suited for carrying out their little schemes, and as the infatuated youth gazes on the great river as it tears along, and dashes over with thundering power, he shudders at the thought of dashing through life like that river, *alone!* so he readily falls helpless by Cupid's darts,

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Fortunately, or unfortunately, just as one likes to look at it, my visit was paid before the *campaigning season* was opened.

Dickens speaks in glowing terms of Niagara, and how he loved to dwell and gaze on the scene. On the other hand I felt inclined to run away. At every point of interest when you stand and wish to gaze in solemn silence at the great work of the Creator, you feel something tickling your elbow, and on turning round an enterprising museum-keeper presses you to buy a stuffed owl, a cured weasel's skin, or a pair of mocassins; you shake him off, and move along. You stand again, a photographer rushes at you and insists, on

taking your photograph with the Falls in the background for 3½ dollars, or 14s. for one copy. “You can't take the Falls to-day,” I said to one; “you cannot see them for the spray.”

“Oh! I assure you, sir, there never was a finer day for it, only 3½ dollars; was 4½ last year.”

“Well, I said, I know enough about photography to know that you cannot take a thing you can't see, and as you cannot see the Falls you cannot take them.”

At last he admitted “ *that he stuck the Falls in afterwards from another negative.* ”

“Well, Paton, I said, I can't stand this any longer.” So off we went to Toronto.

We left Toronto in a steamer at two o'clock, sailed down Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, and arrived at Montreal at 7 o'clock on the following evening. The banks of the St. Lawrence are very flat, and the scenery is very uninteresting, except when passing 48 through the Thousand Islands at the end of the lake. There are really 1692; the largest island is 10 miles long, the smallest ones are mere specks of bare rock. They are prettily wooded, and resemble the islands in Loch Lomond. Villas are built on some of them. The steamer shoots several rapids on the river, the most dangerous of which is at Lachine, seven miles from Montreal. An Indian pilot is taken on board to steer, the steam is shut off, and the boat shoots down a descent of 20 feet between two sunken rocks; the slightest hitch would be a serious matter. The steamer when returning to Toronto sails up a canal and avoids the rapids.

The time I spent in Canada was most enjoyable, mainly owing to the hospitality of Mr. Hugh Paton, and I left with great regret, and returned to Boston. I then left Boston for the Hoosac Valley where I stayed all night in a lovely glen surrounded by richly wooded hills. The stillness reigning here was that night only broken by the whistling of a frog. The American frogs whistle, and in Canada they are called the Canadian nightingales.

The railway tunnel through the Hoosac Mountains, cost £2,400,000; it is six miles long, and next to the Mont Cenis Tunnel is the longest in the world. I did not go through the tunnel, but in order to see the country drove over the hills. It is a charming view looking down on the valley of North Adams, with the pretty little city nestling at the foot, and the green mountains of Vermont rising all around 4000 feet. I passed on to Albany, the country around which is well cultivated.

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ALBANY, the Capital of the State of New York, is a very thriving city, and there are numerous factories in and around it. It seems a great place for lady doctors. Had I been a medical man, I would have thought my occupation gone; certainly my spirit would have been severely troubled at seeing so many large brass door-plates in the principal street, announcing that Dr. Mary, Dr. Jemima, or Dr. Ann So-and-so pursued the “saw-bones” art, or I might on second thoughts brought home one as an *assistant* , and established the greatest medical firm in the county.

A great Parliament House, covering three acres, for New York State is being built of white marble; when finished, it will be one of the greatest buildings in the country, and will cost £3,000,000.

One of the leading features of America is the *barber's pole;* everywhere you turn you see it; and the barber occupies an important position in every hotel in the country. Whenever “young America” is loafing about on a hot day, with nothing particular to do, he steps into the barber's and has a shave to kill time. The Americans seldom allow their whiskers to grow, and as they seldom shave themselves, barbers are in great demand, and do a flourishing trade.

On stepping into the barber's saloon of the Albany hotel, I found all the men engaged except a small boy in a suit of striped nankeens who was stropping razors. I told him I would wait till a *man* was disengaged. “Oh!” he said, “I'll *fix* ye.” I thought it not at all

unlikely that he would fix me if I gave him the chance, so meant to refuse; but a glance at the calm determined face of the young Jonathan restored confidence, 50 and I handed myself over to his tender mercies. He danced about, talked through his nose a great deal, and handled the blade like “the barber of Seville.” “Well,” I said, “now that you have finished my chin, will you fix my hair?”

I was charged 75 cents, or three shillings, for the hair-cutting and shampooing, and 25 cents, or one shilling, for the *chin fixing* . I paid the dollar, and on leaving thought that that man would make his fortune in no time, and that his boy would some day be President of America.

The river Hudson has been compared to the Rhine; from Albany to New York, a distance of 150 miles, the scenery is of the grandest description, like a panorama passing before you. The hillsides are covered with orchards and shrubs which attain great perfection. The Catskill mountains, where Rip Van Winkle slept, are imposing; but the most picturesque part is at the town of West Point, where the river is four miles wide, and completely surrounded by high hills rising abruptly from the water. The Military College of West Point (the Sandhurst of America), rests on the shoulder of a hill amid this beautiful scenery. Near New York, the left bank is studded with fine residences, and on the right bank for some 20 miles basaltic cliffs, 300 feet high, tower above the river.

The newspapers are sensational, and give us erroneous ideas of the people. I formed high opinions of the Americans; as a nation they are better educated than we are, and exceedingly polite; the better classes at least do not boast, but never express surprise; they 51 are very sharp, industrious, exceedingly open and straightforward in business.

The Americans are also a very temperate people; during the two months I was in the States I only saw one drunken man. I was in New York and Boston on two great holidays when these cities were filled with excursionists, and I did not notice any person the worse of drink.

I mentioned this to Mr. Stuart of Philadelphia, and he said, that “although strangers might not notice it, he was sorry to say a good deal of drinking went on”; and he said, “that in the State of New York there is a law by which a wife can prosecute a publican if he gives her husband too much drink.” A certain cautious publican has printed a card, which he gets wives to sign in order to protect himself against the working of this law. Mr. Stuart showed me one of the cards. The following is an exact copy:—

“To John Smith,—Spirit Merchant,—Street, New York.

“I, the undersigned, the legally wedded wife of Mr. Henry Luckin, do hereby declare that my husband has the right and liberty to drink as often as he chooses, and what he chooses, and I hereby relinquish all claims for damages arising therefrom.

(Signed) “ Eliza Luckin. ”

Then in the bitterness of her spirit she added “ *He's of very little use anyhow.* ”

At 9 o'clock on the 19th June, one of the most lovely summer mornings, we steamed out of New York Bay in the “Bothnia.” The 300 cabin passengers 52 were sitting all over the deck under an awning; the sea was like a mirror; porpoises rolled about and literally sprung out of the water, as if rejoicing in the brilliancy of the day. On the morrow the sea rose; the dinner-table was poorly attended; and at night we lost two top sails.

One day when a number of us were discussing a point in maritime affairs in the smoking room on deck, an Englishman called out—

“What do you say about this, Commodore?”

“What do you fellows mean by calling me Commodore?” said a voice from the corner. “I'm not a Commodore, I&m *nothing at sea* , but *on land* I'm a Lieut.-Colonel of the regular American army.”

“Oh! you're not a general, are you not?”

“No, I'm not a general, but I guess I'd make a better general than a lot of the shoddy ones that are going about. I'm a West Point cadet, and my name is Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Kingsley, Cut-em-down of the Regular United States Army.”

The Colonel was a portly man with a blazing eye; his tweed suit was well worn, and his white Melton overcoat had seen better days; he smoked continually, and always wore a pair of unblemished kid gloves, and a travelling cap of Rob Roy tartan.

He was a most amusing man; had an answer ready for everything, and kept a large circle in fits of laughter the whole voyage home.

“Well, Colonel,” I said, “what is the most modern way to receive cavalry, would you receive them in squares or in open column?”

“Well, with modern weapons I'd give cavalry 300 53 yards, and I'd guess there would be very few of them left to come up.”

“Are you going over to inspect the armaments of England, or going to take a run through Europe?”

“No,” replied the Colonel, “I've seen all the armaments of Europe, and talked with all the leading generals in it. I'm going over to Florence for a tomb for my parents.”

“What sort of tomb?”

“Well, it's to be a sarcophagus of variegated marbles, with an angel in white hovering over the top.”

One evening a concert was given for the benefit of the Liverpool Sailors' Orphanage, and a young lady gave a most amusing recitation. Next morning when sitting on deck, the

lady walked past. I said to the Colonel “that's the young lady who recited last night.” The Colonel took his cigar from his mouth, looked along the deck, and said—

“She's one of the few women I ever saw walking without turning in her left toe.”

We arrived safely at Liverpool on the 30th June, one of the hottest days of last summer. I bade adieu to my numerous travelling companions, and left the Colonel walking about under a white umbrella lined with green, mopping his head and looking for his luggage.

Great as America is, she is only in her infancy. She lies in the most favoured zone of the globe. Her varied climate is suited for the growth of everything that can sustain and enrich a people. She is not H 54 surrounded, as we are, with hostile nations armed to the teeth; instead of consuming our iron and manufactures, she is not only manufacturing largely for herself but supplying our colonies and other countries; in short, with her position, her great mineral, and other resources, she cannot prevent herself becoming the greatest competitor with which this country has ever had to contend in the great commercial race; and in concluding I cannot do better than quote the advice of one of the greatest statesman we have ever had, viz:—

“That one great duty is entailed upon us, which we unfortunately neglect—the duty of preparing, by a resolute and sturdy effort, to reduce our public burdens, in preparation for a day when we shall probably have less capacity than we have now to bear them.”